



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

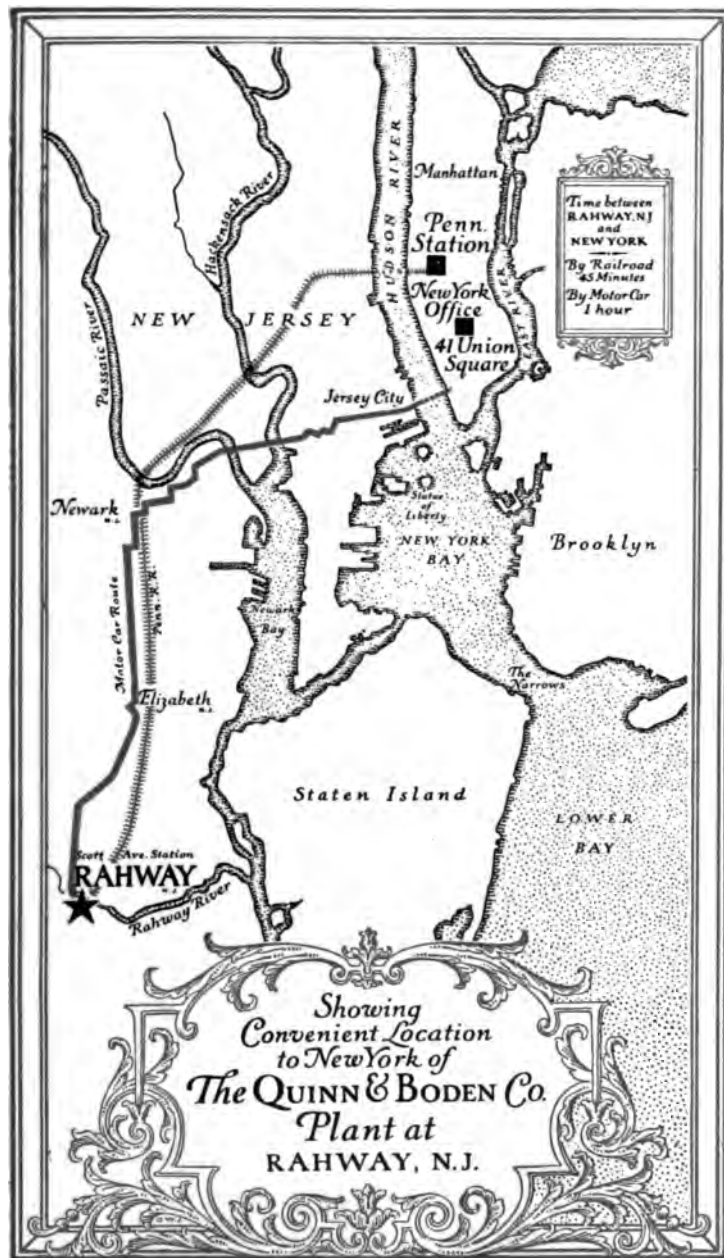






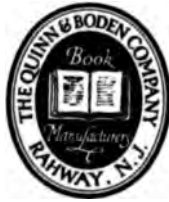
BOOK
Manufacturing





THE
QUINN & BODEN CO.
BOOK
MANUFACTURERS

*Showing the Plant and Product
together with useful information
for those engaged in the
making of Books*



STANFORD LIBRARY

The QUINN & BODEN Co.
RAHWAY, N. J.
New York Office
41 UNION SQUARE AT 17TH ST.

Copyright 1922
by
THE QUINN & BODEN CO.
RAHWAY, N. J.

578120

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY
THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY
RAHWAY, N. J.



PLANT OF THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY
RAHWAY, N. J.

INTRODUCTION



THE four bronze giants of the Arabian story tellers still spread the great black carpet for their masters, and the people still gather 'round their squatting, verbal novelists to listen to the tales of the "Thousand Nights and the One Night."

But the problem of the American story teller is somewhat different, and the carpet of Arabia becomes the format of the modern novel.

As surely as "type is made to read," so surely is the modern book made for multiplication. Buried treasure is of small value. To place instruction and entertainment within the reach of the majority, to make possible the democracy of letters, there has developed for the service of publishers an industry devoted to the mechanical reproduction of books in quantities.

Until the standardization of methods and materials was achieved, books, which belong by right of progress to the masses, were limited by cost to the libraries of the few. With the coming of quantity produc-

tion there were also developed the first principles of typographic beauty, legibility and balanced arrangement; and these, combined with economy in reproduction, transform the text which the publisher accepts into a thing of worth and the familiar of thousands.

As the center of the publishing business for this country is the city of New York, so it is only natural that it should also be the focus of the book manufacturing business. Yet, as the latter requires greater spaces for production than are essential to the executive and editorial activities of the publisher, economy and efficiency have sent the book manufacturer into the industrial suburban area surrounding New York.

And it is within this radius, at Rahway, New Jersey, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that the book manufacturing concern dealt with in this volume is located.

In the following pages there is an endeavor to give the publisher a clear and accurate conception of the service which is being rendered by The Quinn & Boden Co.

CONTENTS



	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
THE MAKING OF A BOOK	11
BODY AND DISPLAY TYPES AVAILABLE AT OUR PLANT	22
A BRIEF GUIDE ABOUT PRINTING FOR THE USE OF PUBLISHERS	251
Section I. Preparing the Manuscript .	253
Section II. Proof-reading	255
Section III. Determining the Specifica- tions	262
Section IV. Glossary of Technical Terms	280



The
MAKING OF A BOOK






**WE MAINTAIN A DAILY TRUCK
SERVICE TO NEW YORK**



M. F. QUINN

President

The MAKING OF A BOOK

HE publisher of quantity edition books has for some years been faced with problems hardly realized by his predecessor of a generation ago. The leisurely literary atmosphere which surrounded the publisher of the Eighties and Nineties, and even of the Nineteen Hundreds, has passed.

Once mild successes were made in publishing by those who adopted the calling for the sake of "something to do," and who chose this work for its interesting contacts and "refined" activities. Today the publishing of books is a keenly competitive business, demanding a subtle combination of critical, objective judgment and executive and administrative ability of the highest character.

The successful publisher must know the public mind to a far greater degree than is required of the successful manufacturer of food stuffs, clothing or other daily essentials. He must feed the fickle mental taste so varied and yet so well balanced a ration of literature that the sight of his imprint on a book gives assurance of "value," just as a name or brand mark on a food or motor car carries a consciousness of confidence to the minds of thousands.

After the publisher has mastered this objective attitude and proved his accuracy of judgment by

analysis and experience, he still has to guard his permanence of progress through salesmanship, distribution, timeliness of presentment, appearance of product, and costs in production.

Because we, who for a number of years have served a long list of this country's greatest publishers and have built our organization on a knowledge of their needs, offer this book as a digest of our service, we feel it is worthy the careful consideration of every book publisher. It has but one purpose, that of increasing the prosperity of the publisher. For his prosperity is essential to our prosperity. In this book you will find evidence of our ability to serve, and to serve with speed, accuracy, quality and economy.

The publisher often faces a situation where speed in the production of a book is almost as essential to its success as is "fast freight" to the saving of perishable food stuffs. For some books, and frequently very profitable books, are perishable. A matter of days, almost of hours, influences sales.

Cost of manufacture, based on a standard of quality, is second only to the consideration of popularity. The publisher knows that overhead must decline as editions increase. Otherwise he is building up a reputation rather than a reserve profit. Yet businesses have been known to fail through too much business. Costs must be watched at every point, or the publisher is likely to have a short life without the compensatory merriment.



BENJAMIN F. BODEN
Deceased

We of the Quinn & Boden organization believe we have grasped much knowledge from experience in the manufacture of books; and we believe this knowledge of practical value to the publisher of books.

Therefore, a book publisher should find as much interest and profit in the study of these pages as he would find in a report on his own business; for our business is his business, or it has no reason for existence.

To begin at the beginning, and yet be as brief as clarity will permit, we first explain the advantages of the location of our plant. Nineteen miles from New York, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and on the great motor truck artery, the Lincoln Highway, is the New Jersey town of Rahway and the plant of The Quinn & Boden Co.

Transportation is a vital element in the prompt delivery of books to their many points of destination, and in the receipt of the raw materials, at the place of manufacture, which go into the making of books in quantities. We are within a stone's throw of a railway station. We have our own railway siding. We are close to the Lincoln Highway. These facilities insure speed in the inward flow of materials and the outward flow of finished books.

The advantages of the rural community to modern industry are too evident to need elaboration. Low costs, clean air, the attraction of the more

stable type of worker who looks to owning his home, room for factory expansion, better light; in short all working and living conditions which make for better production at low costs are in favor of the rural plant, and have been so proved by many of the country's largest organizations.

The nearness of our plant to New York makes it of easy access by train and motor, but for the daily contact with publishers, to give them detailed service by personal representation, we maintain a city office, which is in constant touch with the plant. The location of this office is at 41 Union Square.

The self-contained features of the plant are worthy of consideration, for through them we are able to insure the publisher against many delays inevitable to the concern dependent upon outside sources of supply and service.

All the power used by us, both for the operation of machinery and for electric lighting, is generated within our own works. That fuel for the power plant may be always available it is our practice to keep on hand a supply of coal sufficient for six months' operative requirements, and the fuel storage capacity admits of a supply for a full year.

Our well manned and equipped machine shop is capable of not only attending to any emergency repair jobs but also has in charge the maintenance of all equipment at the highest degree of operating requirements. This mechanical supervision prevents many time losses through anticipating re-



J. J. QUINN

Treasurer

pairs. It takes care of the actual chance breakdown with unusual promptness and upholds standards of production through never permitting deterioration to enter and mar quality.

From our private railway siding vast stores of all necessary raw materials are brought in and placed in rooms, bins and vaults especially prepared for them. These storage facilities, so planned as to give a progressive flow of work through the plant, are capable of holding sufficient supplies of papers, inks and other materials to meet any rush orders for first editions or reprintings. All plates are kept in specially built vaults, where they are filed by number, are always easy of access, yet free from danger from fire or careless handling.

A striking example of the advantage of the suburban plant to the production of printing, is the matter of daylight. Typesetting, whether by machine or by hand, is dependent upon the skill of the operatives, and upon the light provided them. We have been able to reduce costly and time-consuming type work to a minimum by locating our battery of linotypes, their large assortment of type faces and job type for hand composition, on the skylighted top floor of our main building. Here is always secured whatever natural light the open country affords.

Similar advantages accrue to our proof reading and make-ready departments. Proper working conditions, coupled with long and specialized training in all matters concerned with book pro-



The COMPOSING ROOM

duction, result in a known standard of quality and style, while aiding in the keeping down of costs and increasing speed.

Our electrotpe foundry has acquired a reputation for the production of plates capable of standing up under the longest runs. The publisher who has had experience with books which have developed an unexpected popularity, and which have consequently gone into many editions, needs no elaboration as to the advantages of sturdy electrotypes.

A single incident, remarkable but true, will be sufficient to emphasize this point. A book came to us to be printed. Neither author, publisher nor ourselves had any idea it would ever go beyond the first edition. But it did. In all, more than three hundred thousand impressions were made from the original plates, and the last were as clear and clean as the first.



JOSEPH STRUTHERS

Secretary



ELECTROTYPE FOUNDRY

A dark horse became a "best seller," and the publisher lost neither time nor money in having to resort to new electrotypes. Yet these plates of ours were made in the usual way we follow. Perhaps our knowledge of long run books and our years of specialized service in the making of popular editions may account for this advantage to the publisher.

Following the logical progress of book manufacture we now come to the press room of our plant. Here twenty Miehle presses, equipped with Cross continuous feeders and Blatchford metal beds, pour out a flood of printed pages, the very sight of which would gladden the heart of an author and thrill the pocket nerve of the publisher. Here, perhaps more than in any other department of our works, the visitor is impressed with the fact that we are book producers, specialists, experts, in the truest sense of the undertaking.

Adjoining the press room is the folding depart-



The Press Room

ment and as the tons of printed pages gather in swelling streams they are systematically diverted into the long rows of folders, where order and form are introduced and where printed paper first takes on the appearance of printed book.

This process is continued by "gathering" machines, which select and place the folded sheets in their ordered sequence and which, at the end of a busy day, frequently have twenty thousand books to their record.

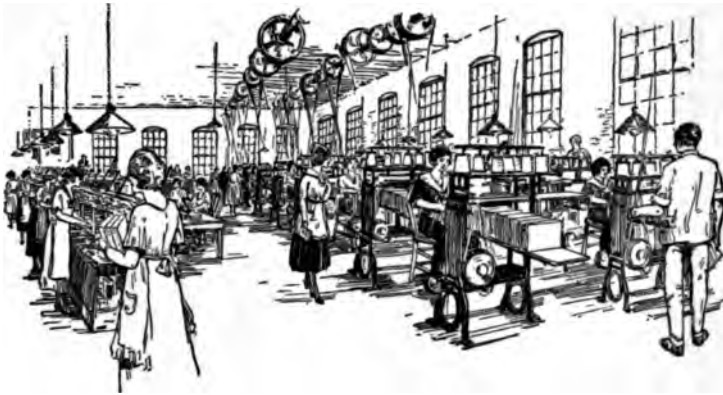
To carry on this making of the book the next step takes us to the sewing machines, where author's thoughts and publisher's hopes are stitched into compact form and made ready for the "trimmers"; not trimmers of thought or style or hope, not the critics, but trimmers of ragged edges.

Perhaps the ironic trimming machines are so named that they may give added interest to the work of "rounding" and "backing"; for who does



JOHN A. BUCKLEY

Superintendent



The BINDERY

not want his books to have both of these aids to success? At any rate these processes, along with lining up and head banding, enter into the completion of the book physical. And all have their value in the producing of a marketable commodity; for art is not so independent of commerce as in the days of the scribe—nor is it so lacking of financial appreciation.

But we are not yet through with the making of the book. While the various printing and folding and binding tasks have been going forward, in giving birth to the body of the book, other craftsmen have been busy preparing its dress. The making of covers has been under way in the stock cutting and case making departments. Boards have been cut and covered with cloth, titles have been stamped and various luring inks have been applied.

So the final task of putting the bright dress on the new born book is at hand. And, surely, by this time, it is sufficient to say that it is done with



STORAGE AND SHIPPING

the same standard of efficiency current in the other departments of our establishment.

Now the finished books are ready for packing and shipping and they leave our shipping docks by motor truck and railway car—and with our hope for their success; for we want repeat orders, and work well for that end.

You have now been briefly told of the methods and facilities of our plant. In the following pages you will find information as to our various types and other helpful information for daily reference in preparing a manuscript for the printer; the printer being, we hope, The Quinn & Boden Co.

TYPE FACES

*Available at our
Plant*



BODY AND DISPLAY TYPES AVAILABLE AT OUR PLANT



THE following pages exhibit our equipment of body and display types suitable for book work. In compiling these pages we have tried to make them as practically useful as possible.

Each type-face is shown in a separate section, preceded by a half-title. Old-style and modern faces are separately grouped, the former being shown first.

Each series is introduced by an exhibit of one-line specimens in the various sizes, arranged in succession for easy comparison. Following this are shown full pages in each of the several sizes. These full-page examples take in both solid composition and the various forms of leaded composition in most general favor. Ten, twelve and fourteen-point sizes are shown with one, two and four-point leading; sizes from five to nine point are shown solid and with one-point leading. Following the specimens of each series is a page giving the complete characters in the fonts and other information concerning the face in question.

The matter set in the full-page specimens is the same in all cases. This makes possible a more intelligent comparison of faces than can be made when the text varies with the types compared.

At the top of each of the full pages the name and size of the type is given; at the bottom of the page is indicated the number of words printed on the page as well as the character of the composition, *i. e.*, whether solid or leaded, and, if the later, to what extent.

New type-faces are constantly being added to our equipment, and specimen sheets of these, uniform in size and treatment with the following, will be sent to the publishing trade as issued.



INDEX TO TYPE FACES



	PAGE
ANTIQUE	
Ten Point	152
BOOKMAN OLD STYLE	43
BULFINCH OLD STYLE	36
CASLON	
Eight Point	48
Ten Point	50
Eleven Point	54
Twelve Point	58
Fourteen Point	62
CASLON OLD FACE	
Nine Point	68
Ten Point	72
Eleven Point	76
Twelve Point	80
Fourteen Point	84
CENTURY EXPANDED	
Nine Point	232
Ten Point	236
CHELTENHAM OLD STYLE	40
DEVINNE	
Nine Point	206
Ten Point	210
Eleven Point	214
Twelve Point	218
DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE No. 3	
Ten Point	222
Eleven Point	226
DORIC	
Seven Point	242
IONIC	
Eight Point	246
LINING CASLON No. 540	28
MODERN No. 1	
Six Point	164
Ten Point	176
Eleven Point	180

	PAGE
MODERN No. 9	
Eleven Point	184
MODERN No. 13	
Nine Point	168
Ten Point	172
MODERN No. 18	
Five Point	160
MODERN No. 19	
Eight Point	166
MODERN WITH CLARENDON	
Five and One-half Point	162
OLD STYLE No. 1	
Six Point	90
Seven Point	92
Eight Point	94
Nine Point	96
Ten Point	100
Eleven Point	104
OLD STYLE No. 7	
Ten Point	110
Eleven Point	114
Twelve Point	118
OLD STYLE WITH ANTIQUE	
Eight Point	136
Eleven Point	138
Twelve Point	142
OLD STYLE WITH CHELTENHAM	
Six Point	148
ORIGINAL OLD STYLE	
Ten Point	124
Twelve Point	128
Fourteen Point	132
RECUT CASLON	33
SCOTCH	
Eight Point	190
Ten Point	192
Eleven Point	196
Twelve Point	200
SCOTCH ROMAN	156

OLD STYLE TYPE FACES

LINING CASLON No. 540

8 Point

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

11 Point

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGH IJKLMNOPQRSTU VW
XYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstu vwxyz

LINING CASLON No. 540

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

20 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

LINING CASLON No. 540

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTU
VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnop
qrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrs
tuvwxyz

LINING CASLON No. 540

36 Point

A B C D E F G H I
J K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
o p q r s t u v w x y z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
q r s t u v w x y z

LINING CASLON No. 540

48 Point

A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T
U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j k l
m n o p q r s t u v
w x y z

RECUT CASLON

6 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

8 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
YZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
TUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNO
PQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvw
xyz

RECUT CASLON

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTUV
WXYZ

abcdefghijklmnpqrst
vwxyz

36 Point

ABCDEFGHIJ
KLMNOPQRS
TUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnop
qrstuvwxyz

RECUT CASLON

42 Point

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W
X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
o p q r s t u v w x y z

BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

8 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
vwxyz
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
vwxyz
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
yz



BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrst
uvwxyz

36 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTU
VWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnop
qrstuvwxyz

BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

42 Point

ABCDEFGHIJ
KLMNOPQRS
TUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmn
opqrstuvwxyz

48 Point

ABCDEFGH
IJKLMNOP
QRSTUVW

BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

48 Point

abcdefghijkl
mnopqrstuvwxyz
xyz

60 Point

ABCDEF
GHIJKL
NOPQRS
TUVWXY

CHEL TENHAM OLDSTYLE

6 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

8 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

CHELTENHAM OLDSTYLE

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

CHELTENHAM OLDSTYLE

36 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTU
VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrst
vwxyz

*abcdefghijklmnopqrs
tuvwxyz*

BOOKMAN OLDSTYLE

6 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

8 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
XYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
UVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLM
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ

RECUT CASLON

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTUV
WXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrst
vwxyz

36 Point

ABCDEFGHIJ
KLMNOPQRS
TUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnop
qrstuvwxyz

RECUT CASLON

42 Point

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W
X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
o p q r s t u v w x y z

BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

8 Point

ABCDEFGHJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

18 Point

ABCDEFGHJKLMNOPQRSTU
VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

24 Point

ABCDEFGHJKLMNOPQ
RSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvw
yz

BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrst
uvwxyz

36 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTU
VWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnop
qrstuvwxyz

BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

42 Point

ABCDEFGHIJ
KLMNOPQRS
TUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmn
opqrstuvwxyz

48 Point

ABCDEFGH
IJKLMNOP
QRSTUVW

BULFINCH OLDSTYLE

48 Point

abcdefghijkl
mnopqrstuvwxyz
xyz

60 Point

ABCDEF
GHIJKLM
NOPQRS
TUVWXY

CHELTENHAM OLDSTYLE

6 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

8 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

CHELTENHAM OLDSTYLE

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

CHELTENHAM OLDSTYLE

36 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTU
VWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrst
vwxyz

*abcdefghijklmnopqrs
tuvwxyz*

BOOKMAN OLDSTYLE

6 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

8 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
XYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
UVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLM
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ

BOOKMAN OLDSTYLE

24 Point

abcdefghijklmnopqrs
tuvwxyz

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTUV
WXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqr
stuvwxyz

36 Point

ABCDEFGHIJ
KLMNOPQRS
TUVWXYZ

BOOKMAN OLDSTYLE

36 Point

abcdefghijklmn
opqrstuvwxyz

48 Point

ABCDEFGH
IJKLMNO
PQRSTU
VWXYZ

CASLON

EIGHT POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Solid—509 words.

EIGHT POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was

One point leaded—46r words.

TEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Solid—376 words.

TEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry

One point leaded—348 words.

TEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

Two point leaded—319 words.

TEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I

Four point leaded—265 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth

Solid—304 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so com-

One point leaded—274 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back

Two point leaded—249 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Ken-

Four point leaded—221 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

Solid—256 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awak-

One point leaded—239 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a

Two point leaded—229 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Four point leaded—197 words.

FOURTEEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow

Solid—196 words.

FOURTEEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and re-

One point leaded—180 words.

FOURTEEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed

Two point leaded—168 words.

FOURTEEN POINT CASLON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which hung as a panel

Four point leaded—148 words.

CASLON OLD FACE

NINE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Solid—449 words.

NINE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian

One point leaded—410 words.

NINE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Two point leaded—373 words.

NINE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Four point leaded—309 words.

TEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good

Solid—399 words.

TEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real

One point leaded—372 words.

TEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks

Two point leaded—340 words.

TEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that

Four point leaded—291 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug

Solid—346 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

One point leaded—319 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a

Two point leaded—287 words.

ELEVEN POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from

Four point leaded—250 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa

Solid—294 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by

One point leaded—263 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back

Two point leaded—249 words.

TWELVE POINT CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

Four point leaded—213 words.

FOURTEEN PT. CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

Solid—213 words.

FOURTEEN PT. CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace.

One point leaded—202 words.

FOURTEEN PT. CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a

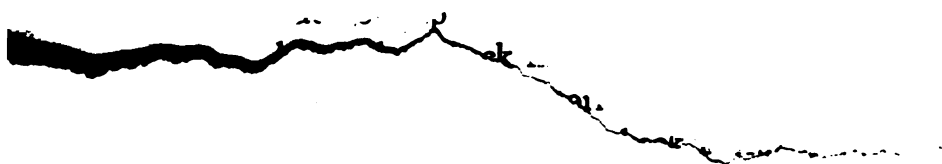
Two point leaded—191 words.

FOURTEEN PT. CASLON OLD FACE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to ~~bring them back~~ in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed

Four point leaded—169 words.



OLD STYLE NO. 1

SIX POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression. The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Finel! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course as our pastor said once, at Baptist Church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything, not cleverness or gifts of gold or anything, that can make up for humility and the inward grace and they can say what they want to about the P. E. church, but of course there's no church that has more history or has stayed by the true principles of Christianity better than the Baptist Church and— In what church were you raised, Mrs. Kennicott?"

Solid—767 words.

SIX POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricassee chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can

One point leaded—648 words.

SEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

Solid—560 words.

SEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy o'd sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and

One point leaved—490 words.

EIGHT POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner,

Solid—498 words.

EIGHT POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue: a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

One point leaded—449 words.

NINE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an

Solid—418 words.

NINE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

One point leaded—376 words.

NINE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry

Two point leaded—348 words.

NINE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better

Four point leaded—289 words.

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of

Solid—386 words.

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home; Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug

One point leaded—346 words.

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

Two point leaded—319 words.

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly,

Four point leaded—264 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually

Solid—327 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when

One point leaded—298 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly,

Two point leaded—264 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

Four point leaded—230 words.

OLD STYLE NO. 7

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Solid—376 words.

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry

One point leaded—348 words.

[111]

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

Two point leaded—319 words.

TEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I

Four point leaded—265 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnish-

Solid—319 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had,

One point leaded—296 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by

Two point leaded—263 words.

ELEVEN POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

Four point leaded—230 words.

TWELVE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by

Solid—263 words.

TWELVE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*” . She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her

One point leaded—248 words.

TWELVE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

Two point leaded—230 words.

TWELVE POINT OLD STYLE NO. 7

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll*

Four point leaded—203 words.

ORIGINAL OLD STYLE
OLD STYLE WITH
ANTIQUE

TEN POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Solid—376 words.

TEN POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store,

One point leaded—347 words.

TEN POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

Two point leaded—319 words.

TEN POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I

Four point leaded—265 words.

TWELVE POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so

Solid—273 words.

TWELVE POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back

One point leaded—249 words.

TWELVE POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

Two point leaded—230 words.

TWELVE POINT ORIGINAL OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll*

Four point leaded—203 words.

FOURTEEN PT. ORIG. OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace.

Solid—202 words.

FOURTEEN PT. ORIG. OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue

One point leaded—193 words.

FOURTEEN PT. ORIG. OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in

Two point leaded—177 words.

FOURTEEN PT. ORIG. OLD STYLE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows

Four point leaded—157 words.

EIGHT POINT OLD STYLE WITH ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday

Solid—496 words.

EIGHT POINT OLD STYLE WITH ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most

One point leaded—449 words.

ELEVEN PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well,

Solid—302 words.

ELEVEN PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so

One point leaded—273 words.

ELEVEN PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her

Two point leaded—248 words.

ELEVEN PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kenni-

Four point leaded—221 words.

TWELVE PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANT.

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and

Solid—238 words.

TWELVE PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANT.

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest,

One point leaded—220 words.

TWELVE PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANT.

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, any-

Two point leaded—213 words.

TWELVE PT. OLD STYLE WITH ANT.

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on

Four point leaded—188 words.

**OLD STYLE WITH
CHELTENHAM**

SIX POINT OLD STYLE WITH CHELTENHAM

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know, we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course, as our pastor said once, at Baptist Church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything, not cleverness or gifts of gold or anything, that can

Solid—713 words.

SIX POINT OLD STYLE WITH CHELTENHAM

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors,

One point leaded—610 words.

ANTIQUE

TEN POINT ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon

Solid—352 words.

TEN POINT ANTIQUE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had,

One point leaded—296 words.

MODERN TYPE FACES

SCOTCH ROMAN

6 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

8 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

10 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

11 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

12 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

14 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
XYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

SCOTCH ROMAN

18 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

24 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuv
wxyz

30 Point

ABCDEFGHIJKL
MNOPQRSTU
WXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrs
tuvwxyz

SCOTCH ROMAN

36 Point

ABCDEFGHI
JKLMNOPQR
STUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmno
pqrstuvwxyz

48 Point

ABCDEFG
HIJKLMN
OPQRSTU
VWXYZ

MODERN NO. 18
MODERN WITH CLARENDON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clouds in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist, crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Lookswell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheeled in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chain, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course as our pastor said once, at Baptist Church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything, not cleverness or gifts of gold or anything, that can make up for humility and the inward grace and they can say what they want to about the P. E. church, but of course there's no church that has more history or has stayed by the true principles of Christianity better than the Baptist Church and— In what church were you raised, Mrs. Kennicott?"

"W—why, I went to Congregational, as a girl in Mankato, but my college was Universalist."

"Well— But of course as the Bible says, is it the Bible, at least I know I have heard it in church and everybody admits it, it's proper for the little bride to take her husband's vessel of faith, so we all hope we shall see you at the Baptist Church and— As I was saying, of course I agree with Reverend Zitterel in thinking that the great trouble with this nation today is lack of spiritual faith—so few going to church, and people automobiling on Sunday and heaven knows what all. But still I do think that one trouble is this terrible waste of money, people feeling that they've got to have bath-tubs and telephones in their houses— I heard you were selling the old furniture cheap."

Solid—grr words.

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clouds in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Bortown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricassee chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course as our pastor said once, at Baptist Church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything, not cleverness or gifts of gold or anything, that can make up for humility and the inward grace and they can say what they want to about the P. E. church, but of course there's no church that has more history or has stayed by the true principles of Christianity better than the Baptist Church and— In what church were you raised, Mrs. Kennicott?"

One point leaded—767 words.

FIVE AND ONE-HALF POINT MODERN WITH CLARENDON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms. Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tulle, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression. The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricassee chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheeled in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course as our pastor said once, at Baptist Church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything, not cleverness or gifts of gold or anything, that can make up for humility and the inward grace and they can say what they want to about the P. E. church, but of course there's no church that has more history or has stayed by the true principles of Christianity better than the Baptist Church and— In what church were you raised, Mrs. Kennicott?"

"W-why, I went to Congregational, as a girl in Mankato, but my college was Universalist."

"Well— But of course as the Bible says, is it the Bible, at least I know I have heard it in church and everybody admits it, it's proper for the little bride to take her husband's vessel of faith, so we all hope we shall see you at the Baptist Church and— As I was saying, of course I agree with Reverend Zitterel in thinking that the great trouble with this nation today is lack of spiritual faith—so few going to church, and people automobiling

Solid—868 words.

FIVE AND ONE-HALF POINT MODERN WITH CLARENDON

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brassen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricassee chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course as our pastor said once, at Baptist Church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything, not cleverness or gifts of gold or anything, that can make up for humility and the inward grace and they can say what they want to about the P. E. church, but of

One point leaded—736 words.

SIX POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed sippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neighbors, but I thought I'd wait till you got settled, you must run in and see me, how much did that big chair cost?"

"Seventy-seven dollars!"

"Sev— Sakes alive! Well, I suppose it's all right for them that can afford it, though I do sometimes think— Of course as our pastor said once, at Baptist Church— By the way, we haven't seen you there yet, and of course your husband was raised up a Baptist, and I do hope he won't drift away from the fold, of course we all know there isn't anything, not cleverness or gifts of gold or anything, that can make up for humility and the inward grace and they

Solid—723 words.

SIX POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Carol had noted that Mrs. Bogart from her side window kept an eye upon the house. The Kennicotts and Mrs. Bogart did not move in the same sets—which meant precisely the same in Gopher Prairie as it did on Fifth Avenue or in Mayfair. But the good widow came calling.

She wheezed in, sighed, gave Carol a pulpy hand, sighed, glanced sharply at the revelation of ankles as Carol crossed her legs, sighed, inspected the new blue chairs, smiled with a coy sighing sound, and gave voice:

"I've wanted to call on you so long, dearie, you know we're neigh-

One point leaded—610 words.

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Solid—509 words.

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was

One point leaved—461 words.

NINE POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an

Solid—418 words.

NINE POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

One point leaded—376 words.

NINE POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry

Two point leaded—348 words.

NINE POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better

Four point leaded—289 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Solid—376 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry

One point leaded—348 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

Two point leaded—320 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 13

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I

Four point leaded—265 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work

Solid—362 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually

One point leaded—327 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when

Two point leaded—298 words.

TEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from

Four point leaded—250 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s

Solid—303 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so

One point leaded—273 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back

Two point leaded—250 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 1

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kenni-

Four point leaded—221 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 9

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and

Solid—337 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 9

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

One point leaded—309 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 9

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable,

Two point leaded—274 words.

ELEVEN POINT MODERN NO. 9

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it

Four point leaded—240 words.

[187]

SCOTCH ROMAN

EIGHT POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken with thick dumplings, they keep up the resemblance.

Solid—509 words.

EIGHT POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was

One point leaded—461 words.

TEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *"We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Solid—376 words.

TEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store,

One point leaded—347 words.

TEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

Two point leaded—319 words.

TEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I

Four point leaded—265 words.

ELEVEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnish-

Solid—319 words.

ELEVEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when

One point leaded—298 words.

ELEVEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar, between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly,

Two point leaded—264 words.

ELEVEN POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flip-pant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

Four point leaded—230 words.

TWELVE POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

Solid—256 words.

TWELVE POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awak-

One point leaded—239 words.

TWELVE POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a

Two point leaded—229 words.

TWELVE POINT SCOTCH

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Four point leaded—197 words.

DEVINNE

DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE NO. 3

NINE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen

Solid—442 words.

NINE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good

One point leaded—399 words.

NINE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real

Two point leaded—372 words.

NINE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Four point leaded—309 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Solid—376 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug

One point leaded—346 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing.

Two point leaded—319 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly,

Four point leaded—264 words.

ELEVEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old

Solid—293 words.

ELEVEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by

One point leaded—263 words.

ELEVEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her

Two point leaded—248 words.

ELEVEN POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Ken-

Four point leaded—221 words.

TWELVE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and

Solid—238 words.

TWELVE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest,

One point leaded—220 words.

TWELVE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years,*

Two point leaded—212 words.

TWELVE POINT DEVINNE

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square

Four point leaded—186 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE NO. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wuther-

Solid—352 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE NO. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnish-

One point leaded—319 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE NO. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had,

Two point leaded—296 words.

TEN POINT DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE NO. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from

Four point leaded—250 words.

ELEVEN PT. DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE No. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or

Solid—281 words.

ELEVEN PT. DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE No. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

One point leaded—256 words.

ELEVEN PT. DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE No. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awak-

Two point leaded—239 words.

ELEVEN PT. DEVINNE WITH ANTIQUE No. 3

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. **“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”**

Four point leaded—213 words.

CENTURY EXPANDED

NINE POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "*We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*"

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a pro-

Solid—423 words.

NINE POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

One point leaded—376 words.

NINE POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the

Two point leaded—345 words.

NINE POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. *“We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”*

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a

Four point leaded—287 words.

TEN POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the re-furnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through

Solid—334 words.

TEN POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around—— Well,

One point leaded—302 words.

TEN POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so

Two point leaded—273 words.

TEN POINT CENTURY EXPANDED

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “*We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.*”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

Four point leaded—230 words.

100

100

DORIC

SEVEN POINT DORIC

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol's house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens who resemble Mrs. Bogart, and when they are served at Sunday noon dinner, as fricasseed chicken

Solid—501 words.

SEVEN POINT DORIC

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Bap-

One point leaded—396 words.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

IONIC

EIGHT POINT IONIC

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of “The Doctor.” She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. “We’ll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway.”

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she’d better leave till he “made a ten-strike.”

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott’s “Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn’t be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it’s worth all it cost, I guess.”

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, “Fine! Looks swell!” Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, “How’s the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy.”

Even Mrs. Bogart.

Mrs. Bogart lived across the alley from the rear of Carol’s house. She was a widow, and a Prominent Baptist, and a Good Influence. She had so painfully reared three sons to be Christian gentlemen that one of them had become an Omaha bartender, one a professor of Greek, and one, Cyrus N. Bogart, a boy of fourteen who was still at home, the most brazen member of the toughest gang in Boytown.

Mrs. Bogart was not the acid type of Good Influence. She was the soft, damp, fat, sighing, indigestive, clinging, melancholy, depressingly hopeful kind. There are in every large chicken-yard a number of old and indignant hens

Solid—485 words.

EIGHT POINT IONIC

WHEN the first dubious November snow had filtered down, shading with white the bare clods in the plowed fields, when the first small fire had been started in the furnace, which is the shrine of a Gopher Prairie home, Carol began to make the house her own. She dismissed the parlor furniture—the golden oak table with brass knobs, the moldy brocade chairs, the picture of "The Doctor." She went to Minneapolis, to scamper through department stores and small Tenth Street shops devoted to ceramics and high thought. She had to ship her treasures, but she wanted to bring them back in her arms.

Carpenters had torn out the partition between front parlor and back parlor, thrown it into a long room on which she lavished yellow and deep blue; a Japanese obi with an intricacy of gold thread on stiff ultramarine tissue, which she hung as a panel against the maize wall; a couch with pillows of sapphire velvet and gold bands; chairs which, in Gopher Prairie, seemed flippant. She hid the sacred family phonograph in the dining-room, and replaced its stand with a square cabinet on which was a squat blue jar between yellow candles.

Kennicott decided against a fireplace. "We'll have a new house in a couple of years, anyway."

She decorated only one room. The rest, Kennicott hinted, she'd better leave till he "made a ten-strike."

The brown cube of a house stirred and awakened; it seemed to be in motion; it welcomed her back from shopping; it lost its mildewed repression.

The supreme verdict was Kennicott's "Well, by golly, I was afraid the new junk wouldn't be so comfortable, but I must say this divan, or whatever you call it, is a lot better than that bumpy old sofa we had, and when I look around— Well, it's worth all it cost, I guess."

Every one in town took an interest in the refurnishing. The carpenters and painters who did not actually assist crossed the lawn to peer through the windows and exclaim, "Fine! Looks swell!" Dave Dyer at the drug store, Harry Haydock and Raymie Wutherspoon at the Bon Ton, repeated daily, "How's the good work coming? I hear the house is getting to be real classy."

Even Mrs. Bogart.

One point leaded—376 words.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

A BRIEF GUIDE ABOUT PRINTING



A BRIEF GUIDE ABOUT PRINTING FOR THE USE OF PUBLISHERS

By Way of Introduction



THE material presented on the following pages will, of course, be found to contain nothing that is new to the experienced publisher. Not every one, however, who may be concerned with ordering the printing of a book is necessarily experienced in the procedure: even the most expert can look back to the time when he knew nothing of the business. Hence our remarks are addressed particularly to those whose experience is in the making; and if this guide prove indeed to be of real service to users of this class, its chief purpose will be fulfilled.

The most practiced printing buyer, nevertheless, may find a certain reference value in these pages. Few people can keep their entire stock of knowledge at their fingertips: specific facts and especially figures have a habit of escaping the best memories.

It is hoped, furthermore, that persons of all degrees of experience may find this guide of practical service as a check-list of the things that need attention when printing is

ordered. So many matters enter into the production of a book that it is easy to overlook a detail here and there. The person who draws up the specifications for a book or who follows up its execution may well find that just to read over the subject-headings on the following pages will act as a mentor in preventing possible omissions or in directing him to other matters requiring his attention.

The plan of the guide is quite simple. It comprises four sections: Preparing the Manuscript, Determining the Specifications, Proof-reading, and a Glossary of Technical Terms. The section on Specifications is further divided into sub-sections on Composition, Paper, Presswork and Binding. Separate paragraphs throughout have bold side-headings for quick reference.

Of course, there is no pretense to exhaustiveness in the material offered. A large volume might be filled with a discussion of the topics included in this little survey. We have in fact attempted to be as brief as possible, with the idea of presenting as many facts with as few explanations of such facts as circumstances would permit. With this *apologia* we offer you our guide and trust that you will be able to use it to advantage.

SECTION I

PREPARING THE MANUSCRIPT

Accuracy of Copy. Have your copy accurate. Go over it as carefully as if it were a printer's proof. Don't depend on the printer to correct slips and oversights. He is within his rights in following copy exactly without changing any misspellings, wrong capitalizations, errors in punctuation and the like. It is cheaper to make corrections in the manuscript than in the printer's proof.

Typewrite the Copy, on one side of the paper.

Copy Paper. Keep to one uniform size. Odd-sized slips tend to get lost. Letter size, or something approximate, is best. Sheets that are too large or too small are inconvenient to handle in the composing room. Don't use paper with a shiny surface as it is hard on the compositors' eyes.

Folio Pages—that is, number them. If this isn't done, a mix-up is bound to result when pages are distributed to several compositors at once.

The Number of Lines on every page should preferably be the same; this makes it easier to estimate the space the manuscript will occupy in type.

Leave a Margin at the left for corrections and instructions.

Directions or Remarks which are not part of the copy should have a circle drawn around them.

Use Paste, not pins, to attach any odd-sized addenda to manuscript sheets; pins work loose. It is even better, though, to have the added matter retyped in its place directly on the sheet.

Don't Roll Manuscript. Keep it flat for convenience in handling.

Never Bind Manuscript in book form.

Keep a Carbon Copy.

Cleanness of Copy. Don't present manuscript scrawled over with numerous additions and alterations. It usually costs more for the compositor to puzzle these out than it would to re-type the sheet. Avoid interlineations and other interpolations as much as possible; where these are necessary, take the utmost pains to write clearly.

System in Corrections. Where corrections are necessary in the manuscript, indicate them by means of the same marks which printers use in correcting proofs. Your meaning cannot then be questioned.

Indicate Paragraphs in the copy.

Quoted Extracts. These should preferably be indented in the manuscript. Where this would call for too much re-writing indicate the extracts by means of a colored pencil-line drawn vertically down the entire length of the extract.

Footnotes. Use superior numerals rather than arbitrary signs to indicate these. Be sure to mark the word in the copy to which the note refers. A footnote (preceded by the word *Note*) should preferably be written in parenthesis immediately after the word to which it refers. If this method has not been followed in the manuscript, make certain that the footnotes have been indicated unmistakably.

Spelling. Spell *consistently* above all things. It may be permissible, in the abstract, to spell a word in various ways, but it is not correct to do so in one and the same manuscript. If you desire to give the printer a free hand with regard to variable spellings, instruct him specifically to follow his own office style.

Punctuation. The printer will follow his own office style in regard to nice distinctions in punctuation. If you do not want him to do this, but to follow the punctu-

ation of the manuscript exactly, give him specific instructions covering this point.

Capitals and Italic. Use the accepted proof-readers' marks to indicate where you want capitals, small capitals or italic used. In regard to the general use of these forms of type the printer will be governed by his office style. If you do not want any deviations from the manuscript give him specific instructions to this effect.

General Style. The office style of a good printer reflects the current taste in all matters typographical and it is best to leave all matters relating to typographical form largely to the judgment of the printer; in this way you have the completest assurance of correct composition.

SECTION II

PROOF-READING

The marks customarily used by printers in making corrections on proofs are shown and explained separately on pages 258 and 259. On the page following is shown a specimen proof as marked by the proof-reader, and on the next following page appears a revision of the same matter with all the corrections made. These four pages should make clear to the uninitiated the entire matter of proof-marking.

In correcting proofs it is always best for the author or publisher to follow the accepted system. With a little practice this system can be easily mastered, and to use this method for indicating corrections is to make doubly sure that such corrections will be understood and attended to.

The general method of correcting is to put a characteristic mark in the margin on the side near the affected

matter, with a corresponding mark in the text at the place where the alteration is to be made. The mark in the margin should be opposite the line containing the matter to be altered. If two or more corrections are noted beside each other in the same margin, they are separated by means of an oblique line.

It is well to bear in mind that author's corrections—*i.e.*, changes which do not arise from errors on the part of the printer in setting the original manuscript—will be charged for as extra composition. If economy is an object, don't make changes heedlessly; keep them as few in number as possible. If the meaning of the matter is clear, don't alter the wording for the mere sake of using some other form of expression which sounds better at the moment. Don't change the punctuation unless such a change is necessary to the sense of the matter. The style followed may not be exactly like your own system, but if there can be no mistake about the meaning of the text it is as good as any system of punctuation can be.

A single word added to or taken out of a line may affect every following line to the end of the paragraph. If the paragraph is thereby made a line longer or a line shorter, it will affect the page the same way (if the matter has already been made up into pages) and the consequent addition or subtraction of a line in the case of this page will affect every page to the end of the chapter or section. Hence, wherever a change is made in the text, care should be taken that the wording substituted for the original copy should fill the same amount of space. If this cannot be entirely effected at one and the same place in the text, a compensating change can be made in the wording of some nearby line or lines.

Always pay particular attention to the queries marked by the printer in the margin. If his query consists merely

of a question mark, it means that he questions the meaning or the applicability of a word or phrase in the manuscript but has no suggestion of his own to offer. In this case, simply cross out the question mark if the query proves groundless, or, if a change is really called for in the text, cross out the question mark and make the necessary alteration. If the printer's query consists of a word or phrase followed by a question mark, it means that he questions whether the copy should not be changed to read accordingly. If his suggestion is accepted, simply cross out the question mark; if it is not accepted, cross out the entire query. Even where the printer's query does not involve a matter of correctness or of fact, it should be treated with due consideration. If it was made simply because he did not understand the text, it may be that others will similarly misunderstand, and a change in the wording under the circumstances would be desirable.

Directions or remarks which are not intended to be part of the copy should have circles around them.

Always verify quotations, extracts, names, titles, dates, references to pages in the same work, etc. If the book has an index, be particularly careful in checking back the page references.

If you do not desire to see another proof of the same matter—that is, if the proof is entirely approved or if only a few corrections are noted—mark it “O. K.” or “O. K. with corrections,” adding your signature and the date. If another proof is wanted, mark it “Revise.”

In returning proofs always send back to the printer the manuscript or previously corrected proofs which came with them.

PROOF-READERS' MARKS

<i>Mark in the Text</i>	<i>Mark in the Margin</i>	<i>Meaning</i>
We print good f books	8	Take out.
We print good f d books	3	Take out letter and close up space.
We pri nt good books	c	Close up space.
[We print good books	[Move to left.
We print good books]]	Move to right.
We prin ^g good books	h	Insert letter or word.
We (good print) books	tr.	Transpose.
We print <u>good</u> books	stet	Let it stand.
We print <u>gold</u> books	good?	Query to author.
^ We print good books	¶	Make a paragraph here.
^ We print good books	□	Indent an em.
We <u>print</u> good books	w.f.	Wrong font.
We <u>p</u> rint good books	l.c.	Use lower case (small letter).
We print <u>good</u> books	ital.	Set in italic.
We print <u>good</u> books	s.c.	Set in small capitals.
We print <u>good</u> books	caps.	Set in capitals.
We print <u>good</u> books	C. & s.c.	Set in capitals and small capitals.
We <u>print</u> good books	Rom.	Set in roman.
We print good books [^]	○	Period.
We print good books [^]	:/	Colon.
We print good books [^]	;/	Semicolon.
We print good books [^]	/	Comma.
^ We print good books ^	" " / "	Quotation marks.
We print good books [^]	! /	Exclamation point.
Do we print good books [^]	? /	Question mark.
We print Jones ^x books	'	Apostrophe.
We print good books [^]	/ - /	One-em dash.

<i>Mark in the Text</i>	<i>Mark in the Margin</i>	<i>Meaning</i>
We print good books _^	<u>2</u>	Two-em dash
We print good books _^	<u>en</u>	En dash.
We print well _^ made books	/=/	Hyphen.
We print good books	#	Space.
We print good books	✓ ✓ ✓	Make spacing uniform.
e print good books	X	Replace battered letter.
We print books	out-see copy	Correct the omission from copy.
We print good books	No ff or run in	Join this to preceding paragraph.
We print good books	run back	Put this on preceding line.
We print good books	run over	Put this on the following line.
We printed @ books	spell out	Spell out.
We print good books	//	Make the type to line vertically.
We print good books	=	Straighten lines or type out of line.
We print effective books	ff	Use logotype, i.e., two or three letters cast on one type.

**A PROOF WITH CORRECTIONS
INDICATED**

[ABOUT OURSELVES

[*cc./s* The Quinn & Boden Company have *8 c*
 located their complete printing plant at
tr/ Rahway, New Jersey *in order* to have plenty *stat. / w.*
 of Light and Air. *lc. / lc.*
□ / # Rahway is right near New York City—only
 19 miles distant, so deliveries can be made *spell out*
 to New York in an hour by its fast motor *Rom.*
X trucks. Here, in this expanded plant we
cc. can give service which it would be difficult
 to render in a big city. *8 fi*
No A Here we construct hundreds of books *caps*
Out-recopy every day. *thousan*
✓ Rahway's convenience to the ✓ center of *2 / 2*
 things ✓ is further shown by the fact that
1 = first class macadam roads run from it
 in every direction/ and it also has the *3 / 1*
un back finest kind of railroad facilities, the main
 line of the Pennsylvania Railroad runs right
 by the plant.
 Are you looking for service of an excep-
 ?/ tional quality/ If so, THE QUINN & BODEN, *Compa*
 offer you all the facilities of their plant.
 [Rahway, N. J., June 1st, 1922.

THE SAME MATTER WITH
CORRECTIONS MADE

ABOUT OURSELVES

THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY have located their complete printing plant at Rahway, New Jersey, in order to have plenty of light and air.

Rahway is right near New York City—only nineteen miles distant—so deliveries can be made to New York in an hour by its fast motor trucks.

Here, in this expanded plant we can give SERVICE which it would be difficult to render in a BIG CITY. Here we construct thousands of books every day for the publishers of New York City.

Rahway's convenience to the "center of things" is further shown by the fact that first-class macadam roads run from it in every direction; and it also has the finest kind of railroad facilities: the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad runs right by the plant.

Are you looking for service of an exceptional quality? If so, THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY offer you all the facilities of their plant.

Rahway, N. J., June 1st, 1922.

SECTION III

DETERMINING THE SPECIFICATIONS

COMPOSITION

Specifications for Composition should cover the points mentioned in the list below. Following this list are technical notes on various matters concerned with such specifications. If the publisher desires specimen pages covering the various styles of composition called for by the manuscript we will gladly submit such on request.

Specify as follows:

Number of words in the main text (approximately).

Number of pages in the book (approximately).

Size of type to be used for the text and how leaded.

Style of type to be used for the text.

Size of page trimmed.

Size of type-page and margins.

Nature and order of front matter and back matter.

Size and style of types for front matter and back matter.

Size and style of types for footnotes, extracts, etc.

Size and style of type for chapter headings.

Ornamentation desired.

Character of running titles.

Position of new chapters.

Position of folios.

Column treatment, whether with rules or not.

Character and position of cuts in the text.
Character and position of inserts.
Number of sets of galley proofs wanted.
Number of sets of page proofs wanted.
Number of sets of foundry proofs wanted.

Words in the Manuscript may be counted by taking a dozen or more pages, selected at random from different parts of the work, and determining the average number of words on these. By multiplying this average by the number of pages in the manuscript a sufficiently approximate total is obtained.

The Number of Pages in the book may be predetermined and a size of type selected which will print the manuscript in this given space; or the size of the type (and the leading) may first be settled on, and from this may be calculated the number of pages necessary to print the manuscript.

A convenient way to find the number of pages a book will require when number of words in manuscript is known:

For example we have a manuscript of 84,000 words and want to make a book of 300 pages 12mo size. Allow 20 pages for preliminary matter and short pages. We now have 280 pages for text and will need a page of about 300 words. Referring to the specimen pages, we find that 11 point Caslon set solid makes 304 words to page, 10 point Old Style No. 1, 2 points leaded, 319 words, etc.

The Point System is used in measuring type and type-areas. A point is approximately the seventy-second part of an inch. The size of type is determined by the height, in points, of the body on which it is cast, "height" corresponding to vertical distance on the page. Accordingly, eight-point type will print nine lines to the vertical inch; ten-point will print seven lines plus; twelve-point

will print six lines, and so forth. The space of twelve points, called a *pica*, is also used as a standard of measurement for composition, as in measuring the width of type-pages, columns, etc. A *nonpareil* is equal to half a pica or six points, and is the smallest standard used in determining the length of lines or otherwise calculating type-areas. An *em* is the square of any given type body; thus, a ten-point *em* measures ten points on each side; an eight-point *em* measures eight points on each side, etc. The *pica em*, or square measuring twelve points on each side, is the standard of measurement applied to type-areas in general. It is sometimes loosely termed a *pica* (which is strictly a linear measurement) or an *em*, the qualifying word *pica* being understood; but this is likely to lead to confusion; it is always safest to use the full term when the full term is meant.

Size of Type Faces. Types cast on bodies of the same size are not necessarily of equal size with regard to face or printing area; that is to say, the letters themselves of different kinds of roman twelve-point, for instance, may differ both in height and width. That this is so may be readily seen by referring to the type specimen pages of this book, where it will be noted that types of the same body, leaded to an equal extent, frequently show a wide divergence in the number of words of the same matter printed in a given space. Sometimes types which might appropriately be set on a body of a certain size will be cast on a larger or a smaller body, so that it will take up either more or less than the normal amount of space.

Leading consists in introducing thin strips of metal between the lines of type as they are set, in order to increase the amount of white space between the lines as they appear on the printed page. Such white space makes for easier legibility; and, of course, leading is also

useful if it is desired to make a short manuscript cover an extended amount of space. When type is not leaded, *i.e.*, when the lines of type are set snugly against one another, it is said to be set *solid*. A *lead*, when its thickness is not otherwise specified, is understood to be two points thick.

Double-leading means leading to the extent of four points. Often, in the case of types smaller than eight point, and rarely with larger types, one-point leading is used. Some types, such as Caslon Old-style, for instance, may have a leaded appearance when they are set solid. Such types may either have a face properly belonging to a smaller body, or, like the Caslon, they may have long *ascenders* and *descenders* above and below the main part of the small letters, these taking up a proportionately large part of the type-face.

Words to the Square Inch. The following table exhibits the number of words to the square inch that can be printed in average-proportioned types of sizes ranging from six to fourteen point; separate columns show this number according to whether the type is set solid, leaded or double-leaded.

<i>Size of Type</i>	<i>Solid</i>	<i>Leaded</i>	<i>Double-leaded</i>
Five point	70	50	
Six point	47	34	
Seven point	38	27	22
Eight point	32	23	19
Nine point	28	21	17
Ten point	21	16	13
Eleven point	17	14	12
Twelve point	14	11	10
Fourteen point	11	9	8

Type Measurement by Lines. The following method of type-space measurement is designed to correct errors arising out of the fact that different authors use words of different average length and the further fact that square-inch calculations do not primarily make allow-

ance for short lines. Typewriter types being made in two standard sizes—*pica* or large, and *elite* or small—it follows that a line of typewriter type of given length will make a line of type of a length that may be expressed by an average ratio for each size of type. These ratios are expressed as fractions in the following table, these fractions giving the proportionate length of line required by the sizes of type as designated.

	<i>Pica Typewriter</i>	<i>Elite Typewriter</i>
Six point	$\frac{5}{12}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Eight point	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{7}{12}$
Ten point	$\frac{7}{12}$	$\frac{2}{3}$
Twelve point	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{5}{6}$
Fourteen point	$\frac{7}{6}$	1

If we determine the average number of lines, long and short, per page of manuscript, and multiply by the number of pages, we shall arrive at the total number of lines in the manuscript. We now find, by inspecting a number of pages, the average length of the long lines and ascertain how wide a line of such length would print in the type we have selected. We multiply the number of lines in the manuscript by this width and divide by the width of type page that is desired in the printed book. This tells us how many lines our manuscript actually will make. Finally we divide this last number by the number of lines to be printed per page, and thus we arrive at the number of pages the manuscript will take up in print. For example: the manuscript contains 6,000 lines. It is written in pica typewriter type, and the average length of the long lines is seven inches. We intend to put it into ten point leaded type in a type-page measuring three by five inches. By reference to the table we find that ten point type will print a full line of the manuscript in two-thirds of the original space, or $4\frac{2}{3}$ inches. Multiplying 6,000 by $4\frac{2}{3}$ and dividing by 3 we arrive at 9,314 as the number of printed lines the manuscript will

make. Since we shall print thirty lines to the page, we now divide by 30 to find the number of printed pages, which comes to 311.

Make Allowances of two pages per chapter or section to take care of possible large blanks at the ends of such divisions, the sinkage of chapter heads and the possibility of the matter running long.

Matter in Other Type, such as foot-notes, extracts, tables and the like, if they form any considerable portion of the text, will have to be estimated separately and allowed for accordingly.

Styles of Type. There are two general classes of roman type—old-style and modern-face—though there are certain types which combine the features of both styles. The distinguishing characteristics of old-style are as follows: there is not as much contrast between the thick and the thin strokes of the letters as in modern-face. The hair-lines (thin strokes) are not protracted but merge rapidly into the stems (thick strokes). The serifs are short, stubby, angular and bracketed (filled in at the angle made with the stem). In modern-face there is more contrast between the thick and thin strokes, the hair-lines in some types of this class being as fine as it is possible to make them; the hair-lines are protracted and the serifs are straight, fine and either unbracketed or bracketed lightly. There are several sub-classes of old-style types: the typical old-style as represented by Caslon; the heavy-faced old-style, represented by Cheltenham and the various antiques; the light-faced or French old-style, such as Cadmus and Elzevir; and the “Venetian” faces modeled after the types of the early printer, Nicholas Jenson, such as Cloister, Kennerly and Goudy. Modern-face types are seen in their pure form in Bodoni and Bodoni Book, and with certain slight modifications in Scotch Roman. In general, old-style

types are to be preferred for easy legibility; the regular style is suitable for any purpose; the heavy faces were much in vogue a decade or more ago, but are not now so popular; the light faces express a delicacy which makes them appropriate for certain kinds of subject-matter; the "Venetian" forms, without being eccentric, have an "artistic" feeling. Modern-face in its pure form, as in the Bodoni styles, might be called Victorian in atmosphere—it is finicky, precise, fussy and well-suited to subject-matter reflecting or concerned with an atmosphere of this kind. In its modified forms, as in Scotch Roman, it is suitable for texts of any character.

Proportions for Page and Type-page. The correct proportions for a book-page or a type-page are variously defined; there are three forms that have particularly wide approval. First, the rectangle which is half again as long as it is wide; secondly, the rectangle whose diagonal is twice its width; thirdly, the *golden oblong*, in which the ratio of the width to the length is as the ratio of the length to the sum of the sides. The rectangle in which the diagonal is twice the width, sometimes called the *printer's oblong*, may be determined, when the width is given, by drawing a line of the given length and erecting a perpendicular of indefinite length at one end of it; from the other end swing, with the compasses, a line twice its length; the point where it intersects the perpendicular determines the rectangle. When the length is given, draw a line of this length; at one end erect a perpendicular half this length; draw a line to the original line, completing the triangle. Now from the point where the hypotenuse of this triangle intersects the short side, mark off on the hypotenuse a distance equal to the short side; the remainder of the hypotenuse is the distance required to find the width of the proposed rectangle. A 90-60-30-degree draftsman's triangle is itself

a printer's oblong and can be used without compasses to make such a rectangle of any desired size. The golden oblong can be determined precisely by a somewhat involved geometrical process, but a simple way is to construct a printer's oblong, as just described, and then cut off one-fifteenth of its length or add one-fourteenth to its width.

Proportion of Page Covered by Type. The general rule is to use about half the page-area for the type-page, leaving the rest for margins. In cheap editions the margins may be considerably less; in particularly fine editions they should be somewhat more, the rule being: the finer the book the more ample its margins. But care should be taken that the rule is not overdone. Running heads and folios at the bottom of the page are not considered part of the type-page.

Margins and Type-page. Margins that are liberal in size and correctly proportioned add a great deal to the appearance of a book and hence to its appeal to the possible purchaser. Margins should be so arranged that the two facing pages, when looked on as a unit, lie well toward the center of the opened book and somewhat toward the head. This is brought about by making the back margin the smallest in size and increasing the size of the margins in the order of head, front and tail. There are several ways of determining the margins. Perhaps the simplest way is to decide on the back margin first, to double this for the front margin, to make the head margin half-way between the front and back and to make the tail twice the head. This produces an effect in the open book in which all the vertical white spaces are of equal width. Another method is to make the front margin half again as large as the back, to make the head margin midway between these two and the tail margin half again as large as the head. A third method is to make the type-

page exactly similar in proportion to the book-page and to set it on the book-page in such a way that the diagonals of both coincide. By setting it higher or lower a position will be found where the margins fall correctly. One way to work out the type-page by this method is to decide on the front and back margins and draw them on the page, then draw a diagonal across the page; the points where the diagonal crosses the vertical lines will determine the type-page and the margins will be correct.

Width of Page or Column. Specify the width of type-pages or columns in picas. Avoid *bastard measures*, i.e., measures in half-picas.

Front Matter. The correct order for front matter is as follows:

- Bastard Title (right-hand page).
- Blank or Advertising Card (left-hand page).
- Title (right).
- Copyright Notice and Printer's Imprint (left).
- Dedication (right).
- Blank (left).
- Preface (starting on right).
- Contents (starting on right).
- List of Illustrations (starting on right).
- Introduction (starting on right).
- Half-title (right).
- Blank (left).
- First page of Text (right) or
Half-title to First Chapter (right).
- Blank (left).
- First Page of Text (right).

The Bastard Title, often wrongly called the *half-title*, consists of the name of the book standing alone on the page. It is intended merely to add elegance to the book.

The Title Page presents the full title of the book (in the largest type used on the page), the sub-title, if it has one, or a brief description of the book, the name of the author with his titles, degrees, past works, etc., the name of the publisher and the date of publication. The title page should be laid out to form a pleasing geometrical pattern. It should be set in a type conforming in general style with that used for the text, and, if practicable, not more than one face of type should be used in it.

The Advertising Card or limit notice should be simply set in type to match the text.

The Copyright Notice is usually set in small caps. The printer usually places his imprint on the same page.

The Dedication may be, and often is, omitted from modern volumes. When used, it is set in monumental style, usually in small caps.

The Preface, if written by the author, is usually set in the same type as the text. If written by another, it is often set in italic to mark the distinction. This is particularly done in cases where the book contains an introduction as well.

Contents Pages may be printed in capitals, small capitals, or upper and lower case of the same size as the text. Sometimes italic is used with good effect.

The List of Illustrations should be printed in type to conform with the contents pages.

The Half-title usually consists of a single line on the right-hand page preceding the first page of text. Half-titles may also be used to introduce the several chapters.

Back Matter. The correct order for back matter is as follows:

Appendices

Glossary

Index

[271]

Appendices are usually set in a type smaller than the text.

The Glossary may be set in the text type or a smaller size of type, with the catch words in a bolder face or in italic.

The Index is usually set in six-point or eight-point type, arranged in two or more columns to the page, with the catch words in bolder type or in italic.

Extracts are usually set in type a size smaller than the text, or if the text be leaded, they may be set in the same size as the text, either solid or leaded to a lesser degree. It is customary to indent extracts one em on both sides.

Footnotes are customarily set in six- or eight-point type. Superior letters are to be preferred to arbitrary marks for identifying purposes.

Running Titles usually repeat the name of the book on the left-hand page, with the name of the chapter on the right-hand page, or else a summary of the matter contained in the two pages. Rules may be used below, or above and below the running title, but are not to be recommended since they add to the cost of composition and in the opinion of most critics, detract from rather than add to the appearance of the page.

Chapter Headings. Specify whether chapter headings are to be run into the text or to begin new pages—also, in the latter case, whether they are to be on right-hand pages.

Ornamentation. Modern usage does not favor head-bands, tail-pieces and ornamental initials in books for every-day use. In modern novels even the two-line or three-line plain initials at the beginning of chapters are frequently omitted. In fine editions ornamentation is, of course, highly appropriate. When used, it should conform in spirit to the subject-matter and care should be exer-

cised in seeing that the entire scheme of ornamentation is consistent in feeling. It is always better to err on the side of too little decoration.

Folios. Specify whether these are to be placed at the top of the page or centered at the bottom. Front matter is usually folioed separately with lower-case Roman numerals to mark a distinction from the Arabic numerals used for the text.

A Dummy, even if a very rough one, sketching your ideas of arrangement and typographic style, will materially assist the work. We will gladly furnish blanks of any desired format for making such dummies and will also work out more finished dummies at your request.

We Are at Your Service always in any way that will help you in making your book more correctly and more elegantly composed and arranged. Call on us without hesitation for any advice or other assistance in our power.

PAPER

Kinds of Paper. Machine-made book papers are primarily of three kinds: rough-finished (antique); mechanically smoothed (machine-finished, calendered and super-calendered); and coated (including gloss, semi-gloss and dull finishes). There are, of course, numerous grades and varieties of each kind. Antique paper is the natural rough-surfaced paper as it comes from the Fourdrinier machine. Machine-finished calendered and super-calendered papers in the order named, have a progressively greater degree of smoothness and gloss of finish, imparted by passing through stacks of steel rolls, or calenders, under heat and pressure. Coated papers are coated with a chemical substance, usually china clay, to give the sur-

face the greatest possible degree of smoothness. Antique papers are best for printing from type; they take the finest impression and are easiest on the eyes of the reader. Line cuts can be printed on them but half-tones cannot. The general class of calendered papers will take half-tones that are not too fine in screen, with varying degrees of success—well enough to pass in a frankly cheap edition intended for the uncritical. For really good half-tone work, however, coated paper is absolutely necessary. The usual method in book printing is to use antique paper for the text, to run any illustrations from line plates on the same paper, and to print half-tones on inserts of coated paper. Sometimes inserts, especially maps, are printed on paper that is coated on only one side; this is known in the trade as litho paper.

Laid and Wove Papers. This is a distinction applying only to antique papers. Laid papers are those which show a ground of fine parallel lines on the surface or when held up to the light. These are called wire-marks; at the least there are eight such lines to the inch. These lines are crossed by others, water-lines, at intervals of anything from an inch to several inches. Wove papers do not show parallel lines, but present a surface which, if examined closely, will be seen to resemble the weaving of cloth. Wove paper is the most-used kind for books. In the case of laid papers two special considerations arise. First, laid paper should not be used unless it will fold so that the wire-marks are parallel with the back of the book; otherwise it will warp in the opposite direction and eventually affect the binding. Secondly, laid paper may have a marked difference in the printing surface of the two sides of the sheet; all antique paper has a right and a wrong side, but the difference is of little consequence in the case of most wove papers. With laid papers it may be so great as to interfere with the uniformity of the

printed impression on the two sides. In choosing any paper the question of uniform printing surface on both sides should receive attention.

Weights of Paper. A ream (500 sheets) of paper of size 25x38 inches is the standard to which the weight of paper is referred. "Sixty-pound paper" means that a ream of the paper in question, if made in the 25x38 size, would weigh sixty pounds. Specifications of weights of paper are made in either of the following forms: 24x32—45 or 24x32—50-lb. basis. The former expression means that a ream of the size designated weighs forty-five pounds; the second expression means that it would weigh fifty pounds per ream if made in the 25x38 size. The usual weight of antique paper for popular books is about fifty or sixty pounds. If very light papers are used, care should be exercised lest the paper is too transparent for good printing results.

Book Sizes. The following table shows the size of leaf to which the standard sizes of book paper fold without waste:

<i>No. pp. to form</i>	<i>Size of sheet</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Size of leaf</i>
32	19x25	Thirty-twomo (32mo)	3½x4¾
32	22x29	Twenty-fourmo (24mo)	3¾x5½
32	24x32	Eighteenmo (18mo)	4x6
32	27x34	Sixteenmo (16mo)	4½x6¾
32	30½x41	Duodecimo (12mo)	5½x7¾
32	33x44	Decimo (10mo)	5½x8¾
16	24x36	Octavo (8vo)	6x9
8	18x24	Quarto (4to)	9x12
4	12x18	Folio	12x18

These are the *basic sizes* of books as understood in the trade. Different sizes can always be made, at slightly additional cost, if it be so desired by a publisher. Sometimes an odd size increases the effectiveness of a book and renders it unique—to its advantage. Such changes from the prescribed form we are always ready to undertake and will give the lowest cost price, taking into

account any waste in the cutting of paper or in the ordering of paper of the size desired.

The pages of type specimens in this book are of the popular 12mo size, as this is the prevailing type desired by most of our patrons.

You will find us ready to consult with you as to the size demanded by the best usage for your book and to give you the benefit of our sixteen years of experience as to the size to further your best interests.

PRESSWORK

In General. The specifications covering presswork are, as a rule, a matter in which the publisher takes no direct interest. In the great majority of cases it is simply left to us to produce a finished job that will measure up to our regular production standards.

Quantity and Ink. After all, there are usually only two matters in which a pressman must be specifically instructed in order to run a job—the size of the run and the color of the ink; all the other details covering kind and size of paper, composition and imposition will have been taken care of before the work comes to the press. The size of the run is, of course, taken care of by the general order, and the color of the ink is a matter which is usually left to the printer to decide. If, however, you have any preferences in regard to ink, if you desire to use a certain tone of black for the text or if colored inks are to be used anywhere in the work, you will of course state so in the order.

Imposition. It is not customary for the printer who makes a complete book to submit to the publisher, previous to running, sheets showing the imposition of the pages, *i.e.*, the manner in which they are laid out for

folding. The printer accepts the responsibility for correctness in this matter.

Sample Sheets. It is not customary to submit sample sheets, when the presses are ready to run, to show the adequacy of make-ready, ink, degree of impression, etc. If you wish to pass on such matters, we should be instructed accordingly. The presses will, of course, be held up until your O. K. is received, and this will involve an extra charge if they are kept standing idle for any length of time. To avoid such charges you should instruct us to notify you when we are ready to make the run, so that you can have somebody on the ground to pass on the work immediately.

BINDING

State number of copies to be bound. It is a recognized trade custom that a binder may fold and gather an entire edition even if all the copies are not to be bound at one time. By so doing all the signatures may be tied up between boards with a consequent saving both to publisher and binder, through the elimination of double handling and the reduction of spoilage.

Inserts. Specify the number of inserts, their character, their positions in the book, and the manner in which they are to be fastened in. An insert may consist of a single leaf simply pasted along the back edge to a page of the book, or it may consist of four pages (or a multiple thereof) fastened in by one of several methods, *viz.*: it may be folded around one of the signatures; or it may be bound into the middle of one of the signatures; or it may be pasted to one of the pages as in the case of a single leaf insert; or it may be pasted to a strip of cambric at the back. The last-mentioned method is

known as *guarding*. A single-leaf insert may, of course, be similarly guarded. Also specify whether inserts are to be protected by leaves of tissue paper.

Headbands are the ornamental strips pasted to the back of a book at the head and tail. They were originally part of the sewing but are now put on separately and may be omitted if desired. Their purpose is both to strengthen the book and to give it a more finished appearance. State whether or not they are wanted, also the particular kind desired.

Size. Specify the size both of the cover and of the trimmed pages; in regard to the latter the size of the top margin should be specified as a guide in trimming.

Edges, if not trimmed evenly, may be treated in one of several ways. The bolts, *i.e.*, the folds of the sheet, may be left unopened; or they may be cut or filed open and left in this condition, the latter operation being often done to effect an imitation of deckle edges; or they may be trimmed neatly but not absolutely evenly—a method favored by certain book-lovers; or the head alone may be trimmed even, with one of the other forms of treatment given to the fore-edge and tail. The question of color of the edges must also be decided. They may be left white, or plainly colored, or marbled, or gilt. Coloring or gilding, again, may be applied to the top with the other edges remaining untreated.

Backs. State whether round, half-round or flat back is desired. In modern cloth-bound books the distinction is simply a matter of taste.

Cloth Binding. Specify the kind, quality, color and pattern of cloth to be used. We are at all times willing to submit samples to assist you in a choice. Specify the kind and weight of board desired; on this depends the stiffness or flexibility of the cover. State whether the corners are to be square or rounded.

Leather Binding. Leather binding may be full (all leather), half (leather back with cloth or paper sides), quarter (leather back and corners with cloth or paper sides) or three-quarter (extra-wide leather back and leather corners with cloth or paper sides). For any of these styles of binding the kind, quality and color of all materials should be specified. We will gladly assist with samples in deciding such specifications.

Board Binding. Specify the weight of the boards, the kind of paper to be used in covering them and the kind of cloth to be used for the back.

Paper Binding calls for a specification of the kind and weight of paper.

Cover Lettering and Ornamentation should be specified. Cover designs may be furnished to us or left with us to originate.

Stamping. Specify whether this is to be done blank, in gold, in leaf, in alchemic gold, in ink, in metal or in aluminum. In the case of inks specify the colors.

Jackets, unless plain, call for a separate printing order with full details as to design, copy, engravings, number of colors, kind and weight of paper, etc., etc. Plain jackets should be specified as to kind and weight of paper.

Boxes, if desired, will be made to specifications of your own, or we will submit suggestions and samples to meet individual requirements.

SECTION IV

GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS

Accents.—Marks added to particular letters to indicate pronunciation; also used to designate types so marked.

Agate.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 5½-point.

American Russia.—A trade name for cowhide.

Antique Paper.—Paper with the natural rough finish; distinguished from machine-finished, calendered and coated.

Antique Type.—A style of roman type in which all the lines of the characters are of almost uniform thickness, the serifs being square and bold.

Arabic Numerals.—Ordinary numerals as distinguished from Roman numerals.

Art Canvas.—Buckram.

Ascenders.—The rising strokes of such letters as *b, d, h*.

Author's Proof.—Proof sent to the author for approval or correction.

Back Margin.—The margin next to the binding.

Backing.—Forming the back of a book in preparing it for the cover; commonly called *rounding* and *backing*. It is done either by hand, with a hammer or by a machine.

Backing Up.—Printing the second side of a sheet.

Bands.—The cords on which the sheets of a book are sewn. In "flexible" sewing the bands show on the back of the book; when grooves are sawn to let the bands into the back, narrow strips of leather are sometimes glued across the back to look like raised bands.

Basket Cloth.—A fancy weave of cover cloth, resembling the appearance of wickerwork.

Bastard Title.—The name of the book standing by itself on a page preceding the full title-page.

Battered.—Damaged; used of type or engravings.

Bed.—The flat part of the press which holds the form to be printed.

Ben Day.—A process of adding mechanical shading, by means of the Ben Day machine, to a drawing or plate in line, the shading consisting of a pattern of lines, dots or both. Ben Day is most commonly applied to the photographic negative from which the plate is made.

Bible Paper.—A very thin book paper.

Black Letter.—The style of letter or type used in the first printed books. Ordinary German letters and "Old English" are of this class.

Blanking.—Stamping on cloth with a heated brass die.

Bleed.—When the margins of a book are trimmed so close that they cut into the type matter, the page is said to *bleed*. The term is also used of an illustration or design that purposely runs off the edges of the sheet.

Blind Tooling or Stamping.—Impressions of tools or dies without ink or gold leaf.

Blocking Press.—A press for stamping blocks or dies on covers.

Blocks.—The wood or metal bases on which engravings or electrotypes are mounted.

Boards.—Cardboard.

Body.—(1) The shank of a type. (2) The measurement of the type which determines its size.

Bold-face.—A heavy-faced type; it is also called *full-face*.

- Bolt.**—The unopened edge presented by the folded sheets in an uncut book.
- Bourgeois.**—The old name for type corresponding in size to 9-point.
- Brass Rule.**—Thin strips of brass, type-high, used for printing straight lines.
- Brasses or Brass Boards.**—Boards made for pressing books, so called because of the narrow brass strips on the edges by which grooves are formed at the joints or hinges of the cases.
- Brevier.**—The old name for type corresponding in size to 8-point.
- Brochure.**—An unbound pamphlet in which the sheets are held together by sewing only; also used of a particularly fine commercial pamphlet.
- Buckram.**—A heavy book cloth with a linen-like finish.
- Bundling.**—The pressing and tying together of signatures of collated books.
- Burnished Edges.**—Colored edges which have been made smooth and bright by a polishing tool.
- Calendered Paper.**—See *Super-calendered Paper*.
- Canvas.**—See *Duck*.
- Caps.**—Paper coverings to protect the edges of a book in covering; also used of the leather covering the headband.
- Case.**—(1) The cover of a cloth-bound book. (2) A shallow tray, divided into compartments, in which types are kept. The ordinary font of type requires a pair of cases—the *upper case* containing the capitals and small capitals and the *lower case* containing the small letters and numerals.
- Case Binding.**—A method of binding in which the case or cover is made separately and afterwards fastened on the book.

- Casting Off.**—Estimating the amount of space the matter will occupy when set in type.
- Catch-word.**—A word placed under the last line of a page in anticipation of the first word on the following page; many old-time books were printed this way. Also used of the first word of an index entry.
- Ceriph.**—See *Serif*.
- Chase.**—The iron frame in which type and engravings are locked up for placing on the press or sending to the foundry.
- Circuit Edges.**—The projecting covers which turn over to protect the edges of a book, as on some Bibles and prayer-books. Also called *divinity edges*.
- Clean Proof.**—A proof ready to be sent to the author, the printer having corrected his own first errors.
- Cloth Boards.**—Stiff cloth covers.
- Coated Paper.**—A paper covered with some such substance as china clay in order to make the smoothest possible kind of printing surface.
- Collating.**—Examining the gathered signatures of a book for correct number and order.
- Colophon.**—A notice at the end of a book corresponding in purpose to a title-page. Colophons were used by the early printers before the evolution of the title page took place.
- Columbian.**—The old name for type corresponding in size to 16-point.
- Combs.**—An instrument used in marbling. The comb is drawn across the colors on the surface in such a way as to produce a pattern.
- Common Cloths.**—Book cloths which have been dyed before receiving the final coat of color. Common cloths do not take on a thready appearance as readily as linen-finished cloths.

Composing Stick.—The small steel three-sided tray, adjustable on one side, in which a compositor sets type.

Copperplate Engraving.—Engraving from copper plates in which the design has been cut or etched in intaglio. The term is extended to cover this general style of printing, including steel engraving, as distinguished from printing from raised surfaces.

Copy.—The printer's term for manuscript. Also used by engravers to designate the subject to be engraved.

Corners.—The materials used in binding the corners of books. Also used of the triangular tools employed in blind or gold tooling.

Cowhide.—A tough, strong leather with a slight grain, used for book covers. Commonly called *American russia* or *imitation russia*.

Cropped.—Trimmed. Used specifically of a book that has been trimmed too much.

Crushed Levant.—Levant morocco on which the grain has been crushed down to a smooth surface.

Cut.—An engraving of any kind.

Cut-in Note.—A note set into the text at the side.

Cylinder Press.—A press in which the paper is carried on a cylinder over a form of type moving back and forth on a horizontal bed; the usual type of large press for printing a single sheet at a time.

Dandy Roll.—A roller on a paper machine which, by pressing the wet paper, gives it the characteristic appearance of wove or laid finish. Water-marks also are impressed by the dandy roll.

De Luxe.—A term applied to particularly fine books.

Dead Matter.—Type or plates which have been *killed* and are hence useless.

Dead Reprint.—A line-for-line and page-for-page reprint.

Deckle Edges.—The rough edges which are natural to hand-made paper. Deckle edges are also formed on two sides of machine-made paper, though usually they are trimmed off. Deckle edges are imitated in machine-made sheets by sawing, tearing, etc.

Dedication.—An address inscribed to a patron or friend, prefixed to a literary composition.

Dele.—The proof-reader's mark to indicate matter to be deleted.

Descenders.—The descending strokes of such letters as *p*, *y*, etc.

Diamond.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 4-point.

Dies.—Metal plates used in embossing and stamping.

Display.—Composition in which individual lines or groups of lines are featured or displayed, as, for instance, in a title page. Display matter is usually set in types of several sizes.

Display Type.—Types suitable for display matter; all types aside from ordinary text sizes may be said to be display type.

Distributing.—Putting back type that has been used into the proper compartments of the printer's case.

Divinity Edges.—See *Circuit Edges*.

Doublé.—The ornamented inside cover of a book, consisting of tooled leather, silk or other material. Also called *doublure*.

Double Pica.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 24-point. *Double small pica*, *double English*, *double columbian*, *double great primer* and *double paragon* are terms that were similarly used.

- Drop-folio.**—A folio at the bottom of a page.
- Duck.**—A heavy cotton book cloth, often called *canvas*.
- Dummy.**—The model of a book intended to show the general form of the finished work.
- Duodecimo.**—See *Twelvemo*.
- Eighteenmo.**—A book size formed by folding a sheet (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) so as to make eighteen leaves; written *18mo*.
- Electrotype.**—A printing plate, made by an electrolytic process, which is an exact copy of another plate or of type matter.
- Em.**—The square of a type body of any size.
- Embossing.**—The process of stamping any material so as to produce a raised or relief effect.
- En.**—A rectangle half the width of an *em*.
- End-papers.**—The sheets of white or colored paper, printed or unprinted, which are placed at the beginning and end of a book, one half being pasted to the inside of the cover. Called *fly-leaves* by the general public.
- English.**—The old name for type corresponding in size to 14-point.
- English-finish Paper.**—A super-calendered paper with a somewhat dull finish.
- English Linen.**—A highly polished, colored book cloth. Also called *low buckram*.
- Engraving.**—The printing plate, made by any process, which bears an illustration or design. Also used of the printed reproduction of such a plate.
- Errata.**—A list of errors.
- Etching.**—A process of engraving in which a hand-drawn design is "bitten" into a metal plate by acid. The term is also used of the acid-biting in connection with photo-engraving processes.

Extra Binding.—A trade term for sewing and binding done by hand.

Extra Cloth.—A book cloth in which the coloring is so heavy as to conceal the weave. Extra cloths are finished plain or with pattern effects.

Fanfare.—A style of binding decoration in which there is a great profusion of repeated ornamentation.

Figure.—The term used for a cut inserted in the text.

Fillet.—A cylindrical instrument engraved with simple lines, used in finishing bindings.

Finishing.—Lettering and ornamenting the covers of a book.

Flexible.—Designating a book sewn on raised bands with the sewing thread passing entirely around each band. Also used of the covers of a book, *full-flexible* or *limp* denoting complete flexibility, and *half-flexible* being applicable when the cover material has been pasted to a thin board or heavy paper.

Floret.—A small type ornament based on a flower or leaf.

Fly-leaves.—Properly blank leaves at the end of a volume; often applied to *End-papers*, *q.v.*

Fore-edge.—The edge opposite the binding; the front edge.

Foil.—A special substance for stamping book covers. Foil is neither gold nor ink.

Folder.—A flat piece of bone, ivory or other material used in folding sheets by hand. Also used of a folding machine.

Folio.—(1) A book size formed by folding a sheet (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) so as to make two leaves. (2) A page number.

Follow Copy.—This is the regular form of expres-

sion, used on proofs returned to the printer, to indicate that no change is to be made from the manuscript.

Font.—A complete assortment of types of one face and size. A complete font includes capitals, small capitals, small letters, numerals, punctuation marks, and a variety of sorts embracing accents, arbitrary signs, etc.

Foot-note.—An explanatory note at the bottom of a page.

Form.—The type matter as imposed in the chase ready to print.

Format.—The size, shape and general appearance of a book.

Forwarding.—Used in connection with hand-binding, this expression covers the operations performed up to the time it is sent to the finisher for tooling, etc.

Foul Proof.—A corrected proof.

Foundry.—An electrotyping (or stereotyping) plant.

Foundry Proof.—A proof of the matter as it is to be sent to the foundry for electrotyping.

Four-color Process.—See *Process Printing*.

Front Margin.—The margin next to the fore-edge.

Front Matter.—The matter preceding the main text of a printed book.

Frontispiece.—The picture or plate facing the title page.

Full Binding.—An all-leather binding.

Full-face.—See *Bold-face*.

Full Gilt.—Gilded on all three edges.

Furniture.—Pieces of wood and metal of various sizes used by the compositor in filling blank spaces in a page and in fitting the form into the chase.

- Galley.**—A shallow tray in which composed types are placed before being made up into pages.
- Galley Press.**—A press for taking proofs by hand from matter standing in galleys.
- Galley Proof.**—A proof of matter standing in the galleys; *i.e.*, of matter arranged continuously and not broken up into pages.
- Gathering.**—Bringing together the signatures of a book in the correct order.
- Glair.**—A preparation consisting of the white of eggs, used in finishing and gilding the edges of the leaves.
- Gordon Press.**—A small platen press used in job printing.
- Gothic.**—The simplest form of letter, made without serifs and with practically no difference in thickness between the different strokes of the characters. The term is also applied by bibliographers to black letter type.
- Grain.**—The line of least resistance in machine-made paper; paper folded against the grain is likely to crack.
- Gravure.**—See *Photogravure*.
- Great Primer.**—The old name for type corresponding in size to 18-point.
- Grippers.**—The iron fingers on a platen press which take the sheet off the form after each impression; the mechanism which catches and holds the sheets in position on a cylinder press.
- Guarded.**—Signatures with cambric pasted to the back for strengthening purposes are said to be *guarded*. First and last signatures are often guarded because of the extra strain which these receive. Plates and maps may be similarly guarded.
- Gutter.**—The back margins of a book.

Hair-lines.—The fine connecting strokes of letters, distinguished from the thicker strokes or stems.

Hair-space.—The thinnest kind of spaces used in setting type.

Half-binding.—Binding with leather back and corners and cloth or paper sides.

Half-title.—The title of a volume standing by itself on a page immediately preceding the text or appearing above the first page of the text. Sometimes wrongly used as a synonym for *bastard title*.

Half-tone.—A photo-engraved plate in which gradations of light and shade are reproduced by means of closely set lines of fine dots.

Hanging Indention.—That form of indention in which the first line of type extends the full width of the measure with the succeeding lines set in one or more ems from the left. Sometimes called *reverse indention*.

Head.—The top of a page or book.

Head-band.—A small band of silk or cotton fixed to the head and tail of a book to give it greater strength and to add to its appearance.

Head-piece.—A decorative design extending across the top of a page of type, as at the beginning of a chapter.

Height to Paper.—The fixed distance from the face or printing surface of a piece of type to its foot.

Imposing Stone.—A flat table, formerly of stone but now usually of iron or steel, on which forms are locked up for the press.

Imposition.—Arranging pages in proper positions in the chase, so that they will come out in correct order when the sheet is printed.

Imprint.—The name of the printer affixed to his work.

In Boards.—A book is *cut in boards* when the cutting is done after the boards that are to form its sides are in place. It is *cut out of boards* when cut before the boards are affixed. Most books, having projecting covers, are necessarily cut the latter way.

Indention.—The setting of one or more lines of type to a measure that is narrower than the full width of the type page. Indention is usually done so as to leave the white space at the left, as in indenting the first line of a paragraph or the entire matter contained in a quoted extract.

India Paper.—An extremely thin paper made in China and Japan, or an imitation of such paper; used for making the finest impressions of engravings and also for thin-paper editions of books.

India Proof.—A proof of an engraving on India paper.

Inferior Figures or Letters.—Small figures or letters such as are used in referring to foot-notes, being so placed as to appear at the bottom of the printed line. Distinguished from *superior figures or letters*, which appear at the top of the printed line.

Inlay.—A piece of material, different from that of the cover of the book, set into the cover so as to be flush with its surface.

Insert.—A separately printed sheet or signature bound into a book, as a map or half-tone engraving on coated paper bound into a book printed on antique paper. Also called *inset*.

Inverted Commas.—Quotation marks; the marks preceding the quotation are actually made by turning commas, those ending the quotation being a pair of apostrophes.

Italic.—A general class of type chiefly distinguished by its slanting to the right.

Jacket.—The printed or unprinted wrapper placed around a finished book.

Japan Paper.—Applied to the kind of paper made in Japan (and imitated here) which is more specifically known as Japanese Vellum.

Joints.—The part of the cover where it joins the back on the inside, forming a hinge.

Justify.—To manipulate the spacing of a line of type so that it exactly fills the required measure.

Keep Standing.—An order not to distribute the type, pending the possibility of reprinting.

Kern.—A part of a letter or other character which cannot be accommodated on the body of a type and which consequently projects from the side, receiving its support from the type or space set next to it.

Kettle-stitch.—The chain-stitch made at the head and tail of a book.

Laced In.—The boards of a book are *laced in* when the bands are passed through holes in such boards.

Laid Paper.—Paper which has fine parallel lines (*wire marks*) running continuously through it.

Law Binding.—A style of plain leather binding, as used for law books; also called *law calf*.

Leaders.—Dots or dashes set in succession so as to lead the eye, as in a table of contents.

Leads.—Thin strips of metal placed between successive lines of type in order to increase the white space between them.

Letterals.—See *Literals*.

Letterpress.—Printing from type as distinguished from printing from plates; also printing from

- type and relief plates as distinguished from other processes such as lithography, copperplate, etc.
- Levant Morocco.**—Morocco made from the skin of the Levant goat.
- Library Buckram.**—A special heavy weave of buckram, dyed and covered with a light coat of color.
- Ligatures.**—Two letters cast on one body with a connecting stroke, as fi, fl, ff.
- Limit Page.**—A special page devoted to the announcement that the edition is limited.
- Limp.**—See *Flexible*.
- Line-cut.**—A photo-engraving in zinc of a subject in solid lines, dots or masses, *i.e.*, with no gradations of tone in the medium, which is usually black ink.
- Linen Cloth.**—A kind of book-cloth with a linen-like finish, *i.e.*, a somewhat thready appearance, due to the fact that the color does not altogether cover the weave.
- Lining.**—The re-enforcing applied to the back of a book before it is put into the cover.
- Lithography.**—The process of printing from an even-surfaced stone which is so prepared that the ink adheres only to the parts covered by the design. Lithography is now also done from metal plates. See also *Offset*.
- Literals** (or *Letterals*).—Individual errors in composition, of which a printer's first proof usually contains many, these being corrected and a clean proof made. See *Clean Proof*.
- Live Matter.**—Type or plates that are to be used; the opposite of *dead matter*.
- Locking Up.**—Tightening up the form in a chase preparatory to putting it on the press.
- Logotype.**—Two or more letters cast on a single type.

Long Primer.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 10-point.

Lower Case.—The type-case containing the small letters; the term is used as a synonym for *small letters*.

Machine-finished Paper.—Paper which has been slightly smoothed by calendering.

Making Up.—Arranging type and plates so as to make pages of the proper size.

Making Ready.—Preparing a form on the press so that it will print in the correct position on the sheet and with the correct degree of impression in every part.

Marbling.—The process of decorating sheets of paper or the edges of books with a variety of colors in an irregular pattern.

Matrix.—A metal mold for type; also a papier-mâché mold for stereotype plates.

Mezzotint.—A kind of copperplate engraving in which the entire surface of the plate is roughened before receiving the drawing.

Mill Board.—A thick, heavy cardboard used for book covers.

Minion.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 7-point.

Modern Face.—A class of roman type distinguished chiefly by the contrast between the thick and the thin strokes of the letters and by the straight serifs.

Morocco.—A kind of leather made from goatskin; morocco is the most durable leather for book-binding.

Nonpareil.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 6-point; the term is still in common use to designate a space equivalent to six points or approximately one-twelfth of an inch.

Octavo.—A book size formed by folding a sheet of paper (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) so as to make eight leaves; also written *8vo*.

Off Its Feet.—Not standing squarely on its base; said of composed type.

Offset.—(1) The transfer of wet ink from a printed sheet to a sheet laid over it. (2) A lithographic process in which the design to be printed is transferred to a rubber blanket and thence to the sheet.

Old Style.—A general class of roman type chiefly distinguished by the lack of great contrast between the thick and the thin strokes of the characters and by the angularity of the serifs.

Out of Boards.—See *In Boards*.

Out Page.—The first page of a sheet.

Outset.—A four-page sheet folded round a signature.

Overlay.—A piece of paper or a pattern of pieces of paper pasted over one another, placed on the tympan of the press to give the proper degree of impression to every part of the form to be printed.

Overrun.—(1) To run words backward or forward from one line to another in correcting a proof. (2) To print more than the specified number.

Oversheets.—The sheets or signatures remaining over after an edition is bound.

Packing.—The sheets of cardboard, paper, etc., used to make the tympan on a press.

Paragon.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 20-point.

Parchment.—A paper-like sheet made from the skins of sheep or goats.

Pearl.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 5-point.

Persian Morocco.—A kind of morocco made from the skin of the "Persian goat," a kind of hairy sheep.

Photogravure.—A photo-engraving process in which the design is made in intaglio. Also the process of printing from such plates.

Pi.—Type that has been mixed up.

Pica.—(1) The old name for type corresponding in size to 12-point. (2) The standard of measurement used for general calculation of type spaces, such as the width and depth of pages, the size of columns, etc. A pica contains twelve points and is equal, approximately, to a sixth of an inch. Pica is also frequently used to designate what is more correctly termed a *pica em*.

Pica Em.—A square measuring twelve points on each side.

Planer.—A smooth block used with a mallet to insure a perfect level of the type in a form.

Plate.—(1) Any metal engraving used to print from. (2) A full-page reproduction on paper different from that on which the text is printed.

Platen Press.—A style of press in which the sheet to be printed rests on a flat surface; ordinary job presses are of this type.

Point.—The unit of type measurement; approximately one-seventy-second of an inch.

Points.—Marks of punctuation.

Press Proof.—(1) The final proof approved for running on the press. (2) A sample sheet of the work as it is being run on the press.

Process Printing.—Printing in color from half tone plates, each of which carries one of the three primary colors (in three-color process) or with a black plate added to these three (in four-color

process). These plates when superimposed on one another approximate all the gradations of color of the original subject.

Publisher's Binding.—Ordinary cloth binding.

Quad.—Metal blanks used for filling spaces in composition; abbreviated from *quadrat*.

Quarter Binding.—Binding with leather back and cloth or paper sides, or cloth back with board sides.

Quarto.—A book size formed by folding a sheet (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) so as to make four leaves; also written *4to*.

Quoins.—Wedges used to lock up a form in chase.

Quotations.—Hollow metal type furniture.

Recto.—The right hand page of a book; the front cover.

Register.—Correct position on the sheet; in book work accurate register means that one page of print exactly backs the other; in color work accurate register means that the separate colors are exactly placed with relation to each other.

Reglets.—Thin strips of wood similar to leads, used for larger spaces.

Reverse Indention.—See *Hanging Indention*.

Revise.—A proof taken after corrections have been made.

Roman.—A general class of type; the ordinary book type; distinguished from black letter, gothic, italic, etc.

Roman Numerals.—I, II, III, etc., used to express numbers; distinguished from Arabic numerals.

Rotary Press.—A style of press which prints from plates held on a cylinder, the paper being fed from a continuous roll.

Rounding.—See *Backing*.

Routing.—Removing from a plate dead metal or any other part that is not desired.

Running Head or Title.—A title or other phrase appearing at the top of each page.

Russia.—A brownish red leather prepared in Russia.

Score.—To put a creasing line in cardboard or heavy paper so that it will fold easily in the desired place.

Script.—A style of type imitating handwriting.

Serif (or Ceriph).—The fine cross-line ending a stroke of a letter.

Sheet-wise.—A sheet which is printed from a different form on each side is said to be printed *sheet-wise*; distinguished from *Work-and-Turn*, *q.v.*

Shoulder.—The blank space above and below the face of a character on the end of a type.

Signature.—A section of a book folded to size from a single sheet; also the identifying letter or figure commonly printed at the bottom of the first page of such a section.

Sixteenmo.—A book size formed by folding a sheet of paper (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) so as to make sixteen leaves; written *16mo*.

Slug.—A thick lead, or a bar of linotype composition.

Slur.—A blurred impression.

Small Caps.—Capitals smaller than the regular capitals of a font.

Small Pica.—The old name for type corresponding in size to 11-point.

Sorts.—Individual types; *out of sorts* means to be short of certain characters; *a run on sorts* designates an extra heavy demand for certain characters.

Spaces.—The small blanks between words.

Standing Matter.—See *Keep Standing*.

Steel Engraving.—The process of printing from a

steel plate in which the lines of the design have been cut or etched in intaglio; the term is also applied to the plate itself as well as to the reproduction made from the plate.

Stereotype.—A duplicate of type or plates made in type metal from a mold of plaster, clay or papier-mâché.

Stet.—Signifies *let it stand*; written in the margin of a proof to cancel an alteration, a line of dots being placed under the altered matter in the text.

Stipple.—To produce a toned surface in a drawing or engraving by means of a mass of dots.

Stone Hand.—The man who works at the *Imposing Stone*, *q.v.*

Style.—The system of punctuating, capitalizing, italicizing, etc., followed by a printer; every printer has his own style to a certain extent.

Super.—A thin, loosely woven cotton cloth pasted over the back and extending to the inside covers, holding book and covers together.

Super-calendered Paper.—Paper to which a smooth surface has been given by passing it between steel rollers under pressure.

Superior Figures or Letters.—See *Inferior Figures or Letters*.

Swash Letters.—Certain forms of italic letters which have fancy flourishes.

Tail.—The bottom of a page or book.

Tail-piece.—An ornament at the end of a piece of printed matter, as a chapter.

Take.—A portion of copy assigned to a compositor.

Tapes.—(1) Strips of cloth extending over the back and on to the boards. (2) Strips of cloth placed between the covers and the ends of a stitched book to strengthen it and give it flexibility.

Text Type.—The type used for the main portion of a book; the term is also applied to certain forms of *Black Letter*, *q.v.*

Thirty-twomo.—A book size formed by folding a sheet (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) as to make thirty-two leaves; written *32mo.*

Three-color Process.—See *Process Printing*.

Three-quarter Binding.—Binding with extra wide leather back, leather corners and cloth or paper sides.

Tissued.—Protected by a sheet of tissue paper; said of a plate in a book.

Token.—A unit of presswork. The New York token is 250 impressions of one form; the Boston token, 500.

Tooling.—The decoration of book covers by the impression of special tools.

Twelvemo.—A book size formed by folding a sheet (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) so as to make twelve leaves; written *12mo.*

Twenty-fourmo.—A book size formed by folding a sheet (measuring approximately 19x25 inches) so as to make twenty-four leaves; written *24mo.*

Tympan.—The paper and cardboard covering the platen or cylinder of a press, making an even surface on which to place the sheet to be printed.

Type-high.—Of correct *Height to Paper*, *q.v.*

Underlay.—A piece of paper placed under the type or plate itself to correct the degree of impression. See *Overlay*.

Upper Case.—The type case containing the capital letters; the term is used as a synonym for *capital letters*.

Vellum.—A paper-like sheet made from the skins of calves.

Verso.—The left hand page of a book; the back cover.

Vignette.—An illustration which shades off gradually with no defined edges.

Web.—A roll (of paper).

Web Press.—A *Rotary Press*, *q.v.*

Whipstitch.—To sew with an over-and-over stitch.

Wire-marks.—The closely set lines discernible in laid paper.

Work-and-Turn.—A sheet is printed *work-and-turn* when both sides are printed from the same form; subsequent cutting of the sheet in half yields two identically printed sheets. *Cf. Sheet-wise.*

Workers.—The set of electrotype plates used to print the edition.

Wove Paper.—Paper that does not show the wire-marks seen in *Laid Paper*, *q.v.*, the screen being woven like cloth or not discernible at all.

Wrong Font.—A character of wrong size or face occurring through an error in composition.

Zinc Etching.—See *Line-cut*, the more common term.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses.

2.

3. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses.

00000000000000000000000000000000

3 6105 127 190 622

Quinn & Boden co., Rahway, N. J. 578120
The Quinn & Boden co., book manufacturers.

794.24

[illegible]

5781:

